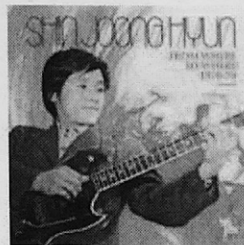


The Next Part of the Scene: An article on the emergence of shoegaze in Korea's Independent Music scene
By Carter

Music in Korea has seen far too many generational talents go underappreciated and tragically forgotten by time. Many artists responsible for creating a Korean style of classic



rock, such as Kim Jung Mi and Shin Joong Hyun, were unjustly imprisoned and

(Shin Joong Hyun-From Where to Where Album Cover)

had their music outlawed by the horrendous fascist dictators that ruled over South Korea in the 60s and 70s due to their, in a far too overly simplified way of putting it, anti-fascist political views. These politically motivated arrests tragically killed what could have been a globally known classic rock scene out of Korea. Now, let's fast forward. It's the 2000s in Korea and the nation is seemingly doing well in the midst of the relatively recent economic crisis. But what's going on in the music scene? At its surface, we see large labels that are about to take the image in everybody's mind when encountering the term "K-pop" global. However, if we look through the surface and delve deep into the

underground, we see the emergence of a musical polar opposite, taking Korean music in an entirely different direction across basements and college dorms south of the 38th Parallel.

Independent label Electric Muse has released a handful of unique projects, but there is one in particular that was essential to blazing the trail for shoegaze to pick up in the country. In 2008, band Vidulgi OoyoO(translation: pigeon milk) released their album "Aero". Delayed, droning, occasionally overdriven guitar accompanied by an echoing, slightly ominous voice are the sounds you may encounter throughout this project. The music alone provokes such an array of emotions that you don't even need to



("Aero" by Vidulgi OoyoO album cover)

understand Korean to understand the messages they are communicating. This Korean shoegaze project, however, stands alone in its time. But as the years progressed into the 2010s, gaze-esc music began reappearing in Korea's underground. A

group by the name of ironic HUE began releasing music that I can only best describe as a gaze, classic rock, and prog rock fusion. Their album "For Melting Steel" is flawless from front to back and displays excellence in all of these genres. I had the absolute privilege of being able to speak with members of ironic HUE to get



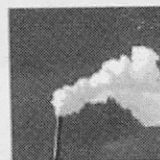
their insight on the Korean Independent

(ironic HUE performing live in Seoul, 2012)

music scene and the emergence of the gaze genre there. When asked who they themselves, and other artists in the scene typically look up to as primary inspiration, I was provided a broad mix both British and Korean artists, with some names being Pink Floyd, King Crimson, and Radiohead, as well as Korean Rock band Sanulrim, 70s Korean Pop singer Cho Yong-pil, and more. Interestingly, not a single shoegaze artist was included in the large list I was provided, and it became apparent that the appearance of the genre in Korea does not directly derive from older shoegaze artists from elsewhere but rather, they had similar influences

as these older shoegaze artists did, with the addition of Korean music, and formed their own subgenre.

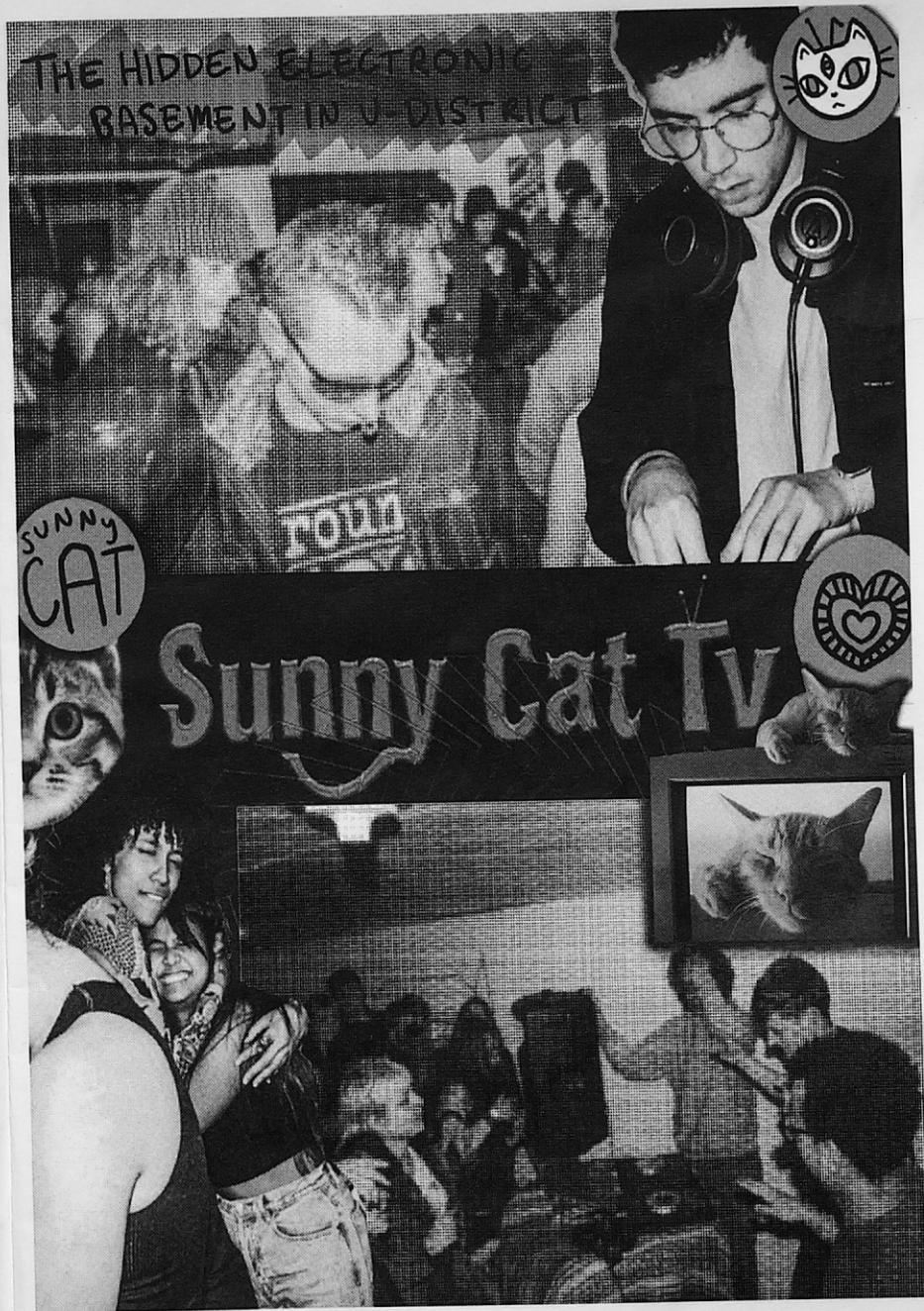
With the arrival of 2020, the independent music scene in Korea adapted to a more remote format, seeing the rise of solo artists as opposed to groups. Perhaps the most notable of these is Parannoul, an anonymous college student who makes and releases music online from their dorm room. They released their first full album in 2021, entitled "To See the Next Part of the Dream", a full on gaze project, and a masterpiece at that. They have since amassed hundreds of thousands of listeners, frequently collaborating with other gaze artists such as Asian Glow. Unlike "Aero", "To See the Next Part of the Dream" is not a stand alone project in its time, many other artists

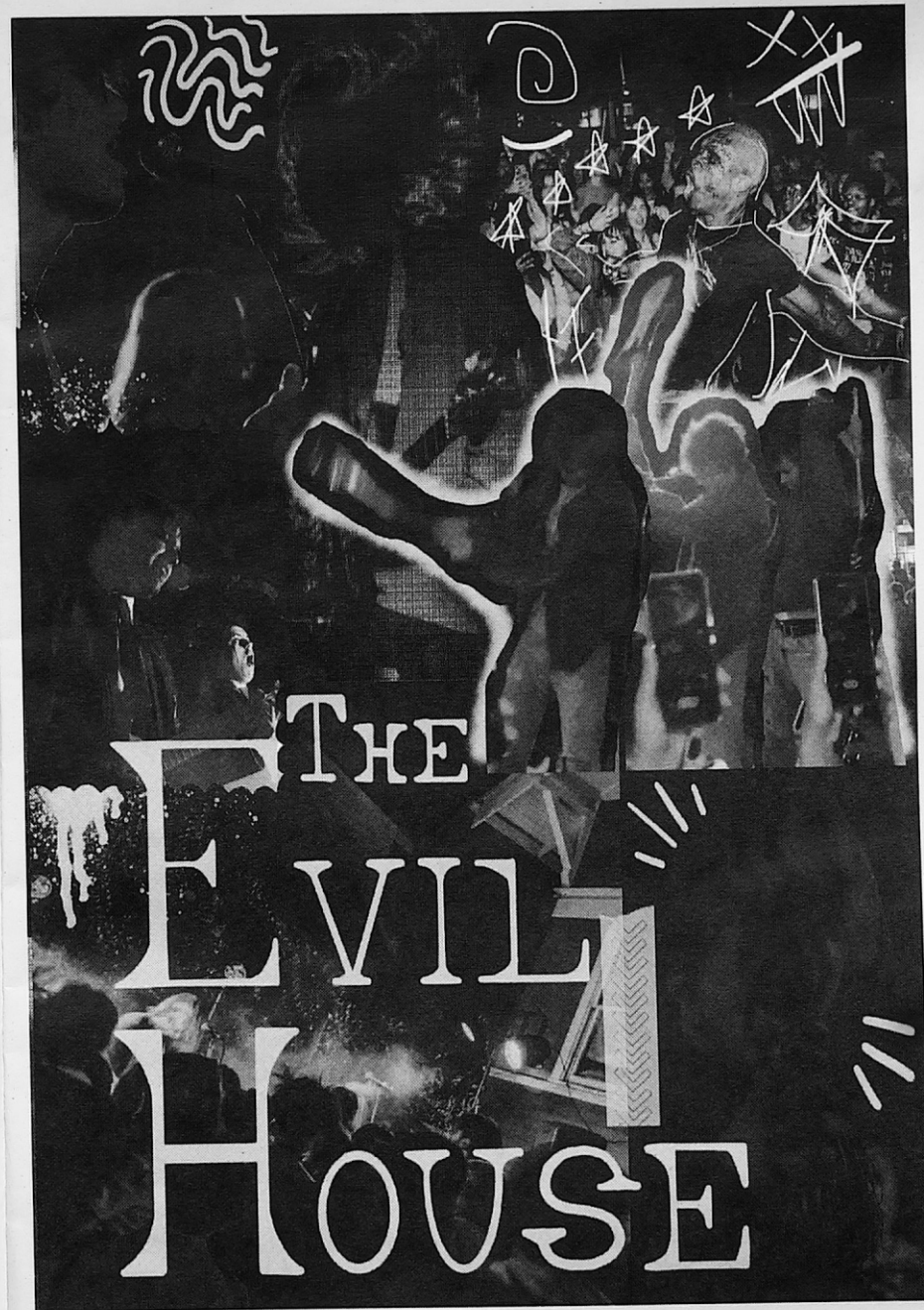
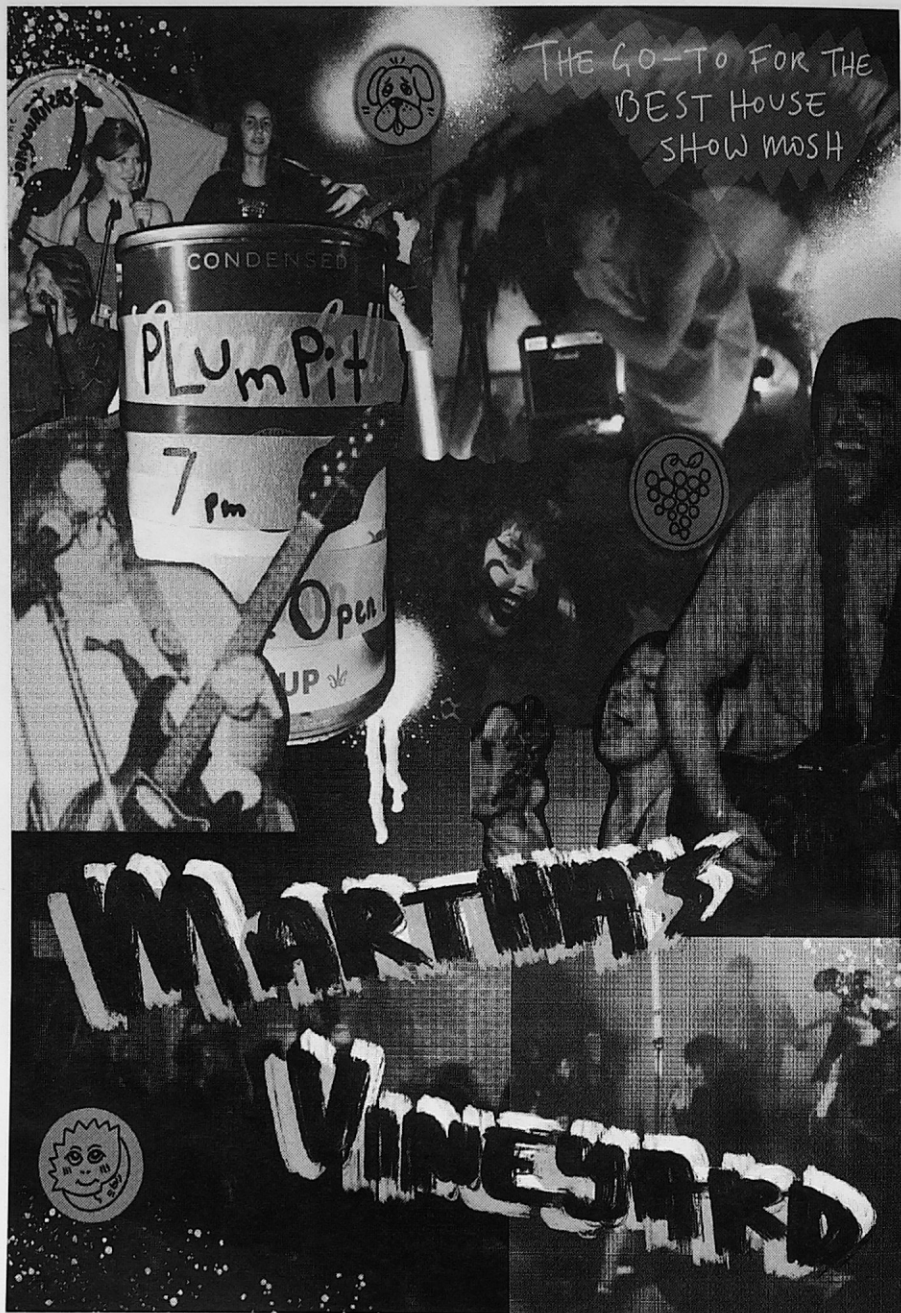


in Korea in recent years have been releasing projects of a similar style, and we are seeing the

(To See the Next Part of the Dream by Parannoul album cover)

emergence of something of a true scene centered around gaze itself in Korea, rather than broadly independent music.





HOW TO MAKE

the BEST BAND

★ **STEP 1:** Find your band mates! What matters most when finding your future band brethren is that you all **VIBE TOGETHER!**

- Whether they are already your friends or randoms that replied to your flyer, spend lots of time with your members both in & out of practice - let everyone get comfy with one another so you can get those creative juices **FLOWING**

★ **STEP 2:** Find your vibe. You don't have to have every song be the same genre, but they should all have at least a similar feel

- Brainstorm artists everyone in your band loves, & try to see what parts of their style you can implement into your own music

★ **STEP 3:** respect the grind!

- Don't let your bassist flake!!!
- The drummer should shut up while people are tuning
- The singer/guitarist aren't the only ones who can write the band songs
- Solos aren't just for guitar
- Don't let egos get in the way (directed especially towards lead singers & lead guitar)
- The list can go on, but just let everyone get respect!

★ **STEP 4:** play every show you can! This will get your band's name out there & will help keep the band motivated to keep playing

★ **STEP 5:** GET ON RAINY DAY RADIOS!!

- Have shows, bars, battle of the bands, busking, etc
- Get your songs recorded & posted online so anyone can listen to your art

There is so much more I could have added, but I tried to keep it focused on (what I find) the most important tips - Just make your music, & leave your mark!

FIND YOUR BAND NAME!

1. First Initial of Your First Name...

A - Big	H - King of	O - Cosmic	V - Holy
B - Pretty	I - Smoky	F - Flammable	W - Viral
C - Sleepy	J - Master	Q - Latex	X - Dark
D - Monster	K - Sticky	R - Wicked	Y - Toxic
E - Apple	L - Seductive	S - Deadly	Z - Savage
F - Old	M - Blind	T - Racial	
G - Ugly	N - Dirty	U - Sweet	

2. Your Birth Month...

Jan - Fetus	July - Wizards
Feb - Cherry	Aug - Crows
Mar - Lake	Sept - Blue
Apr - Knife	Oct - Peachy
May - Basement	Nov - Forbidden
June - Tuna	Dec - Heavy

Use this template to help generate name ideas!

3. First Initial of Your Last Name...

A - Witches	H - Graduates	O - Spawn	V - Jewels
B - Sons	I - Party	P - Angels	W - Apocalypse
C - Zombies	J - Nightmare	Q - Destroyers	X - Pirates
D - Sisters	K - Rats	R - Organs	Y - Roses
E - Bears	L - Dogs	S - Divers	Z - Chairs
F - Doctors	M - Cats	T - Sausages	
G - Animals	N - Goblins	U - Machine	

My new band name is...

↑ Write Here ↑

"I'm Not as Dumb as You Think I Am"

Every so often, someone tells me that what's stopping them from, say, playing the guitar, is a lack of motivation. People assume that within themselves is a latent, unexploited talent that could be extracted with just a bit of willpower. That's why the 40-something-year-old at the park who smells too much like weed for his age, the one you watched shoot the basketball like a trebuchet, just told you he could have played in college if he had worked harder (I recommend nodding and offering a somber "yeah man" in this scenario). Some people need to believe they are just as capable of doing the great things they see others do.

Lewis Baloue (born sometime in the

'60s, I assume) probably had a similar conversation with someone at some point before he left Calgary to record an album in Los Angeles.

At the time – 1982 or

83? – he was allegedly working as a stockbroker, living in an apartment furnished with all-white furniture. The cover of *L'Amour* conveys the sort of early-to-mid-80s decadence that colored the entire decade. Lewis's airbrushed face and preppy blonde combed-over embody, aside from the villain in a John Hughes movie, the feeling that the years of economic growth would never stop, that the general domestic unrest of the '60s and '70s would never return. Maybe those feelings

of invincibility made Lewis believe he could record a pop album, seemingly without any prior musical experience. Lewis was probably born from the concept of the '80s pop culture itself (supposedly, he had an affair with Billy Joel's future ex-wife, Christie Brinkley). In L.A., he hired a photographer to take his picture for the album cover. The photographer later recalled that he was "this total picture of playboy, jetset '80s high-life," with a girl draped over his arm, wearing all white. The check bounced, and Lewis disappeared. Maybe he went back to Calgary. Maybe his essence was melted down and dissolved into a Cyndi Lauper music video.

L'Amour is not a reflection of its creator's aesthetics. It is not generic synth-pop with vapid lyrics and drum machine percussion laden with too much studio reverb. Mr. Baloue had more taste than he seemed to want to let on, as the opener "I Thought the World of You" quickly demonstrates. "I Thought the World of You" encapsulates the minimal ambient pop atmosphere that pervades *L'Amour*, an album in which Lewis effectively distills the essence of a July midnight into 37 minutes and 5 seconds. A dated synth pad and piano keys are the only two accomplices to Lewis's thin voice, one that registers just below speaking and barely above a whisper. It's as if he's unsure of the lyrics as he sings, like he's learning them in the recording booth. I don't know the lyrics either; they are barely intelligible to me or the internet. In any case, the simple, spacey instrumentation paired

with Lewis's intensely earnest and subdued delivery recontextualizes what would be a vapid '80s ballad into something very personal. I am left with no choice but to believe the huckster's every incomprehensible word.

Thankfully, lyrics get marginally more clear as *L'Amour* progresses. Lewis is constantly yearning or pining for something or someone, not unlike a character in a Wong Kar-Wai movie. On "My Whole Life," wherein an acoustic guitar almost drowns out Lewis and the same synth that will be used throughout the project:

I want my whole life loving you/
Stars in the sky like your eyes/
I go to swinging towards the ceiling/
I want my whole life loving you, girl/

Given the cover photographer's characterization, he's probably thinking of a different girl in each song.

I need to make it clear that Lewis Baloue cannot sing. I'm not any sort of arbiter of what constitutes a good vs. bad singer, it's just plainly clear here that Lewis is far from classically trained. His unique voice and vulnerability make tracks like "Things Just Happen That Way" the "least cover-able song I've ever heard," as youtube commenter 'cal50' puts it. Nobody else could wring the same kind of emotion out of these songs like Lewis could; it would sound insincere at best, should they try.

The closer is so subdued that I could be convinced to call it an ambient track. Lewis

Baloue sweetly, and with difficulty declares that he:

Can't take my eyes off you/
and I don't want to.

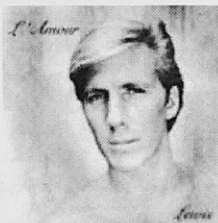
I can't help but feel endeared to this stock-trading bar singer/poser doling out lines that would make even the loneliest of housewives groan. Maybe I'm too trusting of intracontinental men of mystery, or maybe the sheer earnestness of Lewis's crooning wears one down.

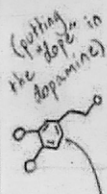
Personally, I have been making a conscious effort to be less cynical. Enough time of my short life has been spent being overzealously pragmatic. In the past, it's likely that I treated people with oblivious confidence in their potential artistic or athletic abilities with too much cynicism. Wouldn't I like to believe that these people are capable of translating their lives into art? Would I not like to live in a world where we all have something to offer each other? That's the world that Lewis Baloue and *L'Amour* inhabit. Maybe that guy really could have played ball in college. Who's to say? On "I Thought the World of You":

I'm not as dumb as you think I am/
I might know a thing or two.

No amount of my stilted words can capture the nature of *L'Amour*. I would highly recommend checking it out for yourself, if it sounds like your thing!

Thanks,
Benjamin Fudal





MUSIC!

(me when someone speaks in a normal tone of voice: "WHAT?")

PROs

(where words fail, music speaks)

CONS



Expressing the inexpressible thru music is one of the most beautiful + universal sources of joy ever

funky noise make brain go brrr...

makes the most menial/boring task into a Don Quixote-esque quest

proves that other folk are thinking/feeling the same shit as you (+ they can make kickass art from it)

Even makes exercise slightly bearable

brings people together (e.g. drunk Karaoke w/ ur pals)

the discography of Weird Al

LIVE SHOWS!! (thank god they're back...)

High School Musical 1-3 (but mostly #2)

★ Cher
★ RAINY DAWG
★ RADIO
★ OF COURSE!

I won't be able to hear when I'm 40
distracts from real life (or is that a pro...?)

hijacks your emotions (I could be happy af, if I hear "Just Like That" by Bonnie Raitt, imma cry)

sped-up tiktok remixes of ur fave song

ALSO helps to rationalize the BAD thoughts/feelings ur having (just b/c someone smart/talented/beautiful sang something u relate to DOESN'T MEAN IT'S HEALTHY) (@Mac Miller, Elliott Smith, etc)

guys will make you listen to King Krule & then w/ a straight face tell you it's the best thing they've ever heard

gave Jim Morrison an excuse to become famous (major ick)

a key weapon in the arsenal of male manipulators

can be super elitist

Bladee

fckn VAMPS? (bleh)



SIZZLIN' HOT TAKES



Sid DIDN'T kill Nancy



The Beatles are MID

s lowkey overrated

Hope Sandoval for president

Bladee is genuinely the worst artist / I would rather listen to nothing for the rest of my life than only listen to drain

some Drake songs go hard af

we has never done wrong

Courtney Barnett will someday write the best song ever

there hasn't been a good sex song released since Teddy Pendergrass' "Close the Door" (1978)

the only good thing to come from Soundcloud is the 1hr44m mix of Ayesha Erotica

that cringey angsty music teens listen to is actually the most beautiful music (teens all feel like they're broken bc they're still learnin' how to live and that wack-ass angsty shit just helps them cope w/ the learning curve)

it's biologically impossible not to be attracted to Prince

Justin Bieber will die by 2025

One Direction operated via a hive-mind

Guy Fieri should pursue music (for science)

Usher + Justin Bieber > Dr. Dre + 2Pac
T-swiz is so f'cking wrong for letting GAYLE (ABCDEFU girl) open for her (industry plant)

nirvana has like 2 good songs

Taylor Swift is just the female Drake

We need to put Drake down, take him behind the shed Old Yeller style

Rolling Stones > Beatles (and it's not close)

Taylor's version is NOT better

I would've killed John Lennon too

good music taste is the hottest quality someone can have

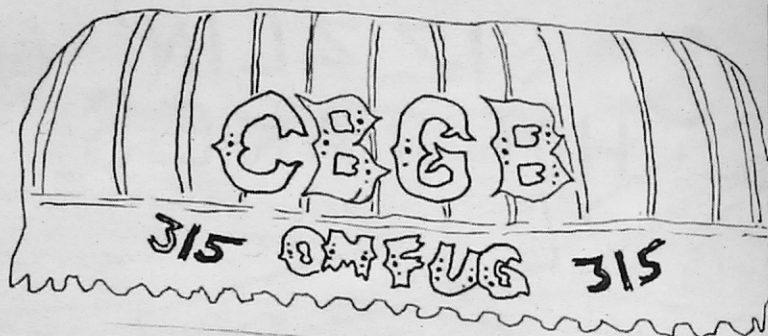
country music SLAPS

everyone should name their kids after their fave singers

Drake is probably smelly

ban skinny jeans

hyperpop is dead



HISTORY LESSON: CBGB's

NEW YORK: WHERE PUNK WAS BORN...

CBGB stands for Country, Bluegrass, and Blues. It was a shitty bar/music club on 31stwry, Manhattan, New York, owned by a man named Hilly Kristal. The place opened in 1973, where Kr decided to start booking artists. The New York band Television hand-built the stage inside after "auding" (Kristal just asked if they played country, bluegrass, or blues to which they lied 'yes...') and histons made! CBGB's was a place for local, unsigned bands to play original music without boundaries. By 1 Debbie Harry, Pa Smith, and the Ramones were core members of the CBGB's scene.

HISTORY
Sucks

Country
Blue
Grass
Blues
&
Other
Music
For
Uplifting

2.
Gormandizers (Ravenous eater...)



now they were like
wilted lillies, left
in a white sink.



THE WORLD



Sucks

ON ANOTHER
NOTE...

- EMI'S TOP 4 GO WATCH MOVIE RECS
1. SLC PUNK
 2. TWIN PEAKS: FIRE WALK WITH ME
 3. FUNERAL PARADE OF ROSES
 4. THE DOOM GENERATION

